UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Prohibition and Outlaw States

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

Heroes of Peace

By PAUL JONES

Ethical Conflicts

By PAUL H. GRUMMANN

The Arrest of Gandhi—Two Accounts

VOLUME CV NUMBER 16

Chicago, June 16, 1930

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 Per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 12, 1929, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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Contents

EDITORIAL— Page

Notes 243
Prohibition and Outlaw States—JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE 245
Jottings—J. H. H. 247

ARTICLES—

Capital Punishment—*Lord Buckmaster*..... 243
Parables of War and Peace—XI. Why?—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 248
The Arrest of Gandhi—Two Accounts from *Young India*: I. *Anand T. Hingorani*..... 248
II. *Mira* 248
Heroes of Peace—(Bishop) PAUL JONES..... 249
Ethical Conflicts—PAUL H. GRUMMANN..... 250

POETRY—

The Pitiful Handful—RAYMOND KRESENSKY.. 252

THE STUDY TABLE—

New Books—FREDERICK STARR..... 253
The Radio Prophet—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.. 254

CORRESPONDENCE—

Direct News from India—D..... 254
The Battle for Freedom—VAUGHN BACHMAN BROKAW 254
QUO VADIS?—M. 255

THE FIELD—

College Drinking Much Reduced..... 255
Federated Press Associates..... 256

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CV MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1930 NUMBER 16

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Every single one of the arguments used today in favor of capital punishment as a deterrent was used, and for a long time with success, in the early part of the nineteenth century when capital punishment was a common penalty for civil offenses. * * *

In each case you deny the sacredness of life. You have taken to yourselves, either as individuals or as the State, the power to take away that which you can never give. * * *

I am not satisfied as to capital punishment being a deterrent. I think that always assumes that a man creates a balance sheet when he is going to commit murder, and puts capital punishment on the debit side against anything he might get on the credit side. There are a few calculated cold-blooded murders, but the bulk of murders are nothing of the kind, but are crimes committed when a man loses control of himself.

I don't think that society has any right to wreak vengeance upon any one. It is my belief that the real deterrent against crime is social opinion. It is not the police nor the laws. It is the healthy public opinion which affects and surrounds a man from his youth—I am satisfied myself that it is to that more than anything else we owe the lessening in our criminal characters.

—Lord Buckmaster
Former Chancellor of Great Britain.
In his evidence before the House of Commons Committee on Capital Punishment

---

Gandhi is winning! Before this editorial is printed, he may have brought the British government to terms. Who can doubt the efficacy of non-resistance, and the supreme potency of the spirit ("soul-force," as the Mahatma calls it!), after noting what one feeble, unarmed man, lying behind the bars of a prison-cell has been able to do to the mightiest empire upon earth? In a Bombay despatch to the New York *Evening Post,* for example, it is stated that "the political clouds in India show signs of clearing soon." What has happened?

The British Labor Party (continues the despatch), has sent an experienced London journalist to interview Gandhi in prison, with a view of exploring the possibility of solving the situation. Under ordinary circumstances the interview would hardly have been possible.

We should say not! Not often does the head of the British Empire send a personal representative to treat with a rebel leader, especially when this leader is safely hidden away behind the bars.

Therefore it lends support to the view (says the despatch) that the interview was sponsored by Prime Minister MacDonald. . . . It was a clever diplomatic move on the part of the British government to have conceived the idea of the interview with Gandhi, who possesses the confidence of teeming millions in India. *This was the only method of ending the impasse.*

But what were the circumstances which led to such desperate remedies? The writer of this despatch does not conceal the facts.

While it is true (he states) that the civil disobedience campaign has failed in its immediate purpose of rendering government impossible, *it is equally true that the boycott of British goods has brought a chill to the bones of England's commerce with India. The economic effects of the boycott being of a far-reaching character affecting the fortunes of England's premier industry, it is but natural that the British government and public should make a serious effort to avert catastrophe.*

There you have it! This correspondent does his best to put a good face on a bad matter, but the truth is plain. Gandhi's non-cooperative campaign has brought the Empire to its knees, and MacDonald sues for peace!

Along with the success of non-resistance, noted above, goes the failure of force. Newspaper despatches, rigorously censored, have given us little idea of how consistently Gandhi's peaceful methods have been met by the cruel might of English arms. Any violence on the part of Hindu crowds, untrained to the Mahatma's discipline, has been immediate stuff for front-page headlines, but the systematic, deliberate, organized violence of England's soldiery and police has gone unrecorded in our press. But occasional statements, which have somehow eluded the omnipresent censor, tell the story. Indian papers, still being received to date, add the details of the story. "Floggings" have been frequent; "kicking of volunteers lying on the ground" has been not uncommon; firing on defenceless, non-resisting Satyagrahis offering themselves for arrest has happened more than once, with bloody results. When an American correspondent on the spot writes that the beating of Gandhi's followers was "so painful that he was forced to turn away his face," something ghastly is happening. When authentic reports give the casualties on the Indian side as "630 hurt as police beat the salt raiders, virtually all suffering from blows with sticks carried by the police," with no statement of casualties on the other side, it is easy to reconstruct the picture. These "sticks," by the way, are interesting weapons! Described by one correspondent as "bamboo rods," they are as a matter of fact huge clubs, five feet long, and iron-tipped. The editor of the Bombay *Chronicle* refers to "the extremity of violence" in which the authorities are indulging. And all this violence has failed! As fast as one group of Satyagrahis is beaten, arrested, or shot, another and larger group immediately appears to receive its share

of punishment. When has the world ever before seen anything like this? And of what use are swords and staves when met with such a spirit?

What has become of the recent furore over Russia—the closed churches, the murdered priests, the persecuted people? Has everything suddenly become lovely there, that this great silence has now settled down upon the West? Did the anti-Soviet campaign accomplish its aim, and thus free Jews and Christians from the dictatorship of the atheists, that nothing now is being said? Not at all! For better or worse, the religious situation in Russia today is precisely what it was yesterday. All the horrors that stirred the Pope of Rome, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of New York, if they ever existed at all, exist at this moment. There has been no change in Bolshevik policy toward religion in many moons. All that has happened is that a great wave of propaganda against Russia, arbitrarily and wickedly stirred up in the interest of selfish parties seeking their own selfish ends and aims, has swept over us, and has now subsided. Like a storm it engulfed us with confusion and terror, and then disappeared as quickly as it came. This is one of the most conspicuous phenomena of modern times —these propaganda tornadoes that rage about us whenever powerful influences decide to debauch and use the people. Just now it is the "wet" propaganda that is overwhelming us. The Prohibition situation, if it has changed at all in recent years, has changed for the better. We are making progress, slow but sure, all of the time, in this long and bitter fight against the liquor traffic. Recognizing this progress, and recognizing also that something must be done soon if it is to be done at all, the "wets" have marshalled all their forces, gathered together millions of dollars and engulfed the land with such a flood of lies as has not been seen since the days of the Allied campaign against Germany. The next hurricane of propaganda, without question, will be directed against India. The English are already preparing it, and soon it will break upon us with the fury of a typhoon. "Mother India" will be as nothing compared to the tales of horror and disgust which will soon regale our firesides. Be prepared! This is the way things are done, in these days, of privately owned and operated publicity. Fortunately, people are learning to be skeptical. To "see by the paper" is to doubt rather than to believe.

Washington is still keeping up the silly game of restoring prosperity by shouting loudly that prosperity is here. "President Hoover," we are told, in a special dispatch from Washington, "thinks that the unemployment situation will have been corrected and that business conditions will be normal by late Autumn." This is putting things off pretty late for a man who has been denying all along that business conditions were abnormal, but still the emphasis is stubbornly on the good times which are either always here, or always just on the way. Another head-lined dispatch from Washington tells a credulous people that "department store sales for April were 6 per cent larger than in April a year ago, according to reports to the Federal Reserve System from 659 stores in 267 cities." In a burst of careless honesty, the government goes on to admit that this "increase reflected in part the fact that Easter, which fell in March last year, was in April this year" —which would seem to drain every last drop of milk from the cocoanut! But never mind! Most people never read beyond the headlines, so who cares? Meanwhile, the Packard people have just reduced prices on all automobiles a flat $400. Department store sales from January 1st to April 30th (including the fictitious gain noted above), were 4 per cent smaller this year than last year. The first census report from New York City shows that 4.7 of the people are out of jobs —which forecasts a total of 5,640,000 persons unemployed in the entire country. We invite Secretary Davis to look at these figures, and Secretary Lamont, and also President Hoover. What becomes of the optimistic announcements and forecasts which have been streaming from Washington in a saccharine flood ever since last November, in the light of such realities? Prosperity has broken down. It will collapse utterly when the Grundy Tariff gets going well. Next winter—this is our prophecy!—economic prostration will be general throughout the nation, and bread lines numerous in every city. Why fool ourselves?

A recent statement by Professor Arthur H. Compton, of the Department of Physics in Chicago University, world-famous as a winner of the Nobel Prize in 1927, is well calculated to give pause to the materialists and mechanists of our time. As a matter of fact these atheistical dogmatists will probably not pause at anything—they are interested not in facts but in prejudices. But to the rest of us it is an enormously impressive thing to find one of the great physicists of the world today stating his belief that modern knowledge is more and more tending to give affirmative answers to the old problems of God, immortality, and free will. Professor Compton begins by pointing out that the new physics admits the possibility of mind acting on matter, and makes mind at once the substance and goal of the creative process. The old, hard-and-fast mechanism of the universe is gone, and intelligence has now taken its place. There is "evidence strongly suggestive of a directive intelligence, or purpose, back of everything," says Dr. Compton.

The old-fashioned evolutionary attitude was that the world as we know it developed as a result of chance, variations of all

kinds occurring, some of which would be more suited to the conditions than others, and therefore surviving. More recent thought has found this viewpoint increasingly difficult to defend.

To the physicist it has become clear that the chances are infinitesimal that a universe filled with atoms having random properties would develop into a world with the infinite variety that we find about us.

This strongly suggests that the evolutionary process is not a chance one but is directed toward some definite end. If we suggest that evolution is directed we imply that there is an intelligence directing it.

This of course is, in essence, theism. Modern physics gives place to God. It also gives place to free-will and immortality. Says Professor Compton:

In some reflex actions and habitual acts we may behave as automata, but where deliberation occurs we feel that we choose our own course.

In fact, a certain freedom of choice may, it seems to me, be considered as an experimental fact with which we must reconcile our theories.

If freedom of choice is admitted, it follows by the same line of reasoning that one's thoughts are not the result of molecular reactions obeying fixed physical laws. For if they were his thoughts would be fixed by the physical conditions and his choice would be made for him. Thus, if there is freedom there must be at least some thinking possible quite independently of any corresponding cerebral process.

On such a view it is no longer impossible that consciousness may persist after the brain is destroyed. An examination of the evidence seems to support the view that there is no very close correspondence between brain activity and consciousness. It seems that our thinking is partially divorced from our brain, a conclusion which suggests, though of course does not prove, the possibility of consciousness after death.

Professor Compton then approaches the question of immortality from another viewpoint.

If we were to use our own best judgment, what would we say is the most important thing about a noble man? Would we not place first the beauty of his character? It takes a whole lifetime to build the character of a noble man.

The adventures and discipline of youth, the struggles and failures and successes, the pains and pleasures of maturity, the loneliness and tranquility of age—these make up the fire through which he must pass to bring out the pure gold of his soul.

Having been thus far perfected, what shall nature do with him? Annihilate him? What infinite waste!

It is statements like these which show that materialism, behaviorism, atheism are only passing fads. Truth, after all, abides.

UNITY extends its congratulations to its friend and foreign correspondent, Mr. Fred Hankinson, who last month completed ten years of service in Hungary as representative of the Friends' Relief in that unhappy country. Mr. Hankinson, an English Unitarian clergyman, went out on his mission in the dark days of 1919-1920, which had fallen like a midnight of despair upon the peoples of central Europe. Hunger was his first problem — the feeding of the starving myriads of men, women and children who were struggling desperately to keep alive in the wake of war. Through all the dire years that followed, in the midst of pestilence and famine, revolution and tyranny, wars and rumors of wars, Mr. Hankinson stayed valiantly at his post. Wherever there was need, he came; wherever there was misery, he ministered. As truly as of any man whom we have known or of whom we have heard, it can be said of this man, by any one of the thousands whom he has served without thought of reward or recompense—"I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." We remember meeting Mr. Hankinson in London in the summer of 1922, when he was home on brief leave of absence. We spent an evening in his rooms, and recall seeing his trophies—the humble yet beautiful gifts which had been given him by grateful souls who thus had tried to show him in some definite and permanent way the love they felt for such a friend. What a houseful of treasures he must have now, after all these years of devoted service! Verily, ye shall have your reward! We count it to the credit of the English Friends that they have maintained Mr. Hankinson in Hungary; and we count to the glory of Mr. Hankinson that he has held his post of duty. UNITY acclaims its correspondent, and wishes him long life and happiness.

Prohibition and Outlaw States

The current straw votes on Prohibition do not permit some of us to vote according to our sentiments. When the *Literary Digest* ballot came to me I voted for enforcement, not with enthusiasm but because I wanted less to vote for either modification or repeal. There is another alternative which I have no doubt thousands of us choose.

We do not wish the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and will vote early and just as often as we are given the chance in resistance of all attempts to repeal it. Nor do we see cause to modify it as a constitutional amendment. We see small prospect of changing any of the existing federal liquor laws, because those who advocate a change are so hopelessly divided upon kinds and degrees of modification alleged to be desirable. Most of these straw votes seem to us futile and disingenuous because no concrete proposals by way of modification are put forward for approval or disapproval. To put the question to intelligent, forward-looking American citizens, "Are you satisfied with things as they are?" is to invite a practically unanimous negative. Of course we are not satisfied; we would not be worth our salt as citizens if we were. An altogether different question is, "How do you want things changed?" Ask us that and watch the scrap!

Of course, every intelligent citizen wants some change in Prohibition affairs. It is easy to get votes for modification *qua* modification. Probably the only reason enforcement gets any votes is because some thousands or millions of us have not heard any con-

crete measure advanced which seems preferable. The money and labors of the "wet" propagandists will be wasted until they come forward with some concrete proposal by way of modification.

We want the Eighteenth Amendment neither repealed nor modified nor enforced—by the methods so generally complained of. The obligation of the federal government to restrain the smuggling of liquor across any of the national frontiers is clear. At that point the Amendment is to be rigidly enforced under the police power of the United States. As for internal application of the Amendment, the instrument itself plainly lays obligation upon the several states.

If any particular state does not discharge its obligation then it is an outlaw state. If the federal government has any enforcement responsibility at this point it is with the state, not with the individual citizen within the state. Should the federal government send its army into the outlaw state to coerce it into obedience to the supreme law of the land? Not if precedent in the instance of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments is sound and acceptable. Several states have been for years, and are today, outlaw in respect of these amendments. What do we do about this? We let them be outlaw, and let them take the moral consequences of their outlawry. This remedy is working. These outlaw states are restive under their opprobrium. In the nature of that case coercion of the state is not practicable. The case of the Eighteenth Amendment is similar.

Is this nullification? Of a sort. Is not nullification intolerable? Was not the issue fought to the finish in the Civil War? Not quite intolerable; no, not nullification but secession was the issue of the Civil War. Secession was resisted by coercion of the states attempting to secede. But certain of those very states proceeded to nullify the federal amendment applying to citizenship of the Negro. This they did arbitrarily and illegally for a considerable time. Latterly ingenious statutes were devised by which they did it legally. The so-called "grandfather" laws of several of the southern states have stood the test of Supreme Court decisions. In these states nullification still continues under legal sanctions. This cannot last. Few of the most ardent nullificationists believe it can continue indefinitely. The Negro in every state will ere long get his vote. In the meantime the national policy has remained unchanged. No considerable groups of United States citizens have proposed the repeal of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, even in the face of open and palpable nullification by certain states.

If the federal government should withdraw coercive measures in states taking the outlaw or nullification attitude toward prohibition, the cycle indicated in the case of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments would be much more speedily and surely run in the case of the Eighteenth. What would happen in New York and New Jersey and Maryland if speakeasies were permitted to run wide open and bootleggers were put under no restraint, except as the local or state police might interfere? Does any intelligent citizen doubt that local laws would speedily be enacted and enforced?

Perhaps in certain states ingenious devices would attempt permanently to evade the application of the prohibition amendment. In that case any citizen or group of citizens would have the right of appeal to the United States Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of those measures. It is not impossible that legal cunning might devise loose legislation which would get by the Supreme Court, in some degree comparable to the "grandfather" laws in the South. But in the end resistance would have to give in. And the national policy would not at any point be endangered or remain in doubt.

This is a practicable course for the wet propagandists. The campaign for repeal is impracticable. The national policy will not be altered. Even conceiving it possible that a stampede might lead to the expunging of the Eighteenth Amendment from the federal Constitution, can any one doubt the immediate reaction? The prohibition forces would put on such an overwhelming campaign as would make their past activities tame by comparison, and the scandalous revel which would result from the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would make a new dry campaign invincible. He reads the past very blindly who does not understand how the Eighteenth Amendment got where it is. It or its equivalent will stay there permanently.

Yet, however confident some millions of us may be of that issue, none can blind his eyes to the rebellion of the states named. It is to be anticipated that at least a few other states may be stampeded for a time into their train. The answer is nullification. Let these outlaw states which have repealed their enforcement laws or have declined to enact them in obedience to the plain provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment —let them nullify. They will soon learn better. The easier way is observance. And in the end only experience can teach them. The national policy is secure. The majority of the states want it. Through the Eighteenth Amendment they demand protection against a legalized liquor traffic in any state of the Union. Nullification will work mischief only in the states which resort to it. And even they will soon have enough of their own mischief.

There is no sound reason why United States marshals should be doing the work of municipal and state police, especially in a matter where constitutional stipulations impose responsibility upon the latter. If they fail of their duty the communities concerned should

suffer until the citizens bestir themselves to right their own wrongs. The value of the constitutional provision is that it establishes a national policy and protects every state from the encroachment of a legalized liquor traffic from a neighboring state. Under its provisions trafficing in liquor cannot be legal anywhere in the United States. Illegal traffic in any state is manifestly the responsibility of that state. Outlawry is not pleasant. It is its own severest punishment.

Out of the present discussion there should come a general and clearer comprehension of the nature of law. Our laws are not sacred. No mysterious power endows with divinity the plain garden variety of politicians who perform in our legislative halls. At their greatest they but feebly reflect the currents of opinion which are running through the population. The laws which they enact are often blundering expressions of this popular sentiment.

Criminals violate laws, but so also do heroes and saints and prophets. It is strenuous business for all of them, and, as already remarked, outlawry itself is their severest punishment. It vitiates this whole process to spread the glamour of martyrdom over any of them. Many a martyred saint and hero would have been a common criminal if he had not been falsely singled out for apotheosis. The busy-ness of our federal enforcement service is only making martyrs of many who would otherwise be accurately appraised and justly dealt with by the common sentiment of their respective communities.

More effective than padlocks or raids would be a placard posted over certain portals: "It is known that on these premises beverage liquor is illegally vended. Those who enter here fall under suspicion as participating in criminal practices." Some might for a time swagger in and out of such portals in bravado; some might continue for a time to do business in this defiance. But few would care to engage permanently in enterprises so labeled. If the federal government shall be content to leave the responsibility where it belongs under the American system, and where the Eighteenth Amendment itself definitely locates it, the universal application of the national policy now securely fixed will not be long deferred. Certainly not so long as it will be if coercive measures from outside of the states continue to make martyrs out of those who would soon fall into more accurate classifications.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

In the April 26th issue of *Janmabhumi*, recently received from India, there is enclosed a pink slip entitled "Publisher's Note," which reads as follows:

> Our popular and talented Editor is lodged in jail—the glorious reward for his nonviolent struggle for freedom.
>
> As a mark of respect, we beg to announce that *Janmabhumi* will not be published for some time.

UNITY extends its sympathy to its Indian contemporary, stricken in the cause of liberty, and its salutations and congratulations to its heroic editor, Mr. B. Pattabhisitaramayya.

Bishop Fisher, of Calcutta, friend and supporter of Gandhi, states in *Zion's Herald* that he was constantly watched in India by British spies. President Patel, in a recent letter to the Viceroy, declares that for five years he has been subject to shadowing, persecution, and social boycott. The Tsar used to practise these methods in Russia, and verily he had his reward!

The more we read the statements of the admirals against the London Naval Treaty, the more enthusiastic we get over this Treaty. In the beginning, we cared nothing for it. Now that these naval officers have chanted their "hymn of hate," we are hot for its immediate passage. "We are advertised by our loving friends," says Shakespeare. Also by our hating enemies!

D. A. R. members are resigning right and left. Half the membership of the Stanford University Chapter, including Mrs. David Starr Jordan, have withdrawn from the organization. If all the men and women, inside and outside of the society, who have contempt for it, were to speak at once, there would a shout go up which would shake the mountains of the moon.

We are glad to be told that Earle Looker's new book, "The White House Gang," is a story of Quentin Roosevelt and the boys whom he gathered about him in the spacious days of his father, the President. We had supposed in our innocence that the book had to do with the administration of the late unlamented Warren Gamaliel Harding.

> "The government today was forced to realization that the Gandhi civil disobedience movement had reached vast proportions."—Bombay despatch in the New York *Times* (June 3rd).

All reports from the Indian battlefield come from English sources. We are allowed to hear nothing from the Indians themselves. Remember this fact, and then read the above dispatch again!

J. H. H.

Parables of War and Peace

XI

Why?

As I passed along the road, I saw a wounded prisoner resting beneath a tree; and on a wall, some yards away, his captor.

I paused, spoke to the prisoner, smoothed his bandages, and gave to him a bit of chocolate. And he smiled upon me, as one already healed.

And I said to him, "Where were you fighting yesterday?"

And he replied, "Upon that hill, where you see the cannon."

And I said, "Why were you fighting?"

And the prisoner looked at me in wild surprise; and said, "Why, to defend my country! For what else?"

I arose and went upon my way; and as I passed, greeted the prisoner's captor on the wall.

And we spoke of the warm sun, and the returning spring, and laughed together at two playful birds.

And I said to him, "Where were you fighting yesterday?"

And he said, "Upon that hill, where you see the cannon."

And I said, "Why were you fighting?"

And the captor laughed in mild surprise; and said, "Why, to defend my country! For what else?"

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Arrest of Gandhi

[Two Accounts from Young India]

I.

Gandhiji's arrest was swift and sudden, I might even say dramatic. I was lying beside Gandhiji and since it was rather warm and stuffy I was by no means fast asleep. All of a sudden I heard the sound of footsteps fast approaching in Gandhiji's direction, and just as I opened my eyes I beheld a powerful flashlight and a number of policemen who immediately surrounded the cot of our beloved leader. In a minute I was up and standing by Bapuji's side. It was then 12:45 a. m.

Gandhiji inquired of the besieging party if they wanted him. The District Magistrate replied in the affirmative, and said that he had an order for his (Gandhiji's) arrest. Gandhiji thereupon inquired if they would mind waiting till he cleaned the teeth. The D. S. P. had no objection and readily assented. While Bapuji was thus engaged, the volunteers assembled all round. The police made a cordon around Gandhiji's cot; only one Ashram sister and I remained inside the cordon with Gandhiji. But soon the cordon was relaxed on one side and several volunteers got a free access to Gandhiji. "Mr. District Magistrate, may I know the charge under which I am arrested. Is it Section 124?" asked Gandhiji. "No; not under Sec. 124. I have got a written order," replied the District Magistrate.

"Would you mind reading it to me?" said Gandhiji. The District Magistrate thereupon read out to Gandhiji the order.

Gandhiji with his unfailing courtesy thanked the District Magistrate and went about his teeth-cleaning with his usual coolness and composure. It was nearing 1 a. m. and as the police wanted to effect arrest before 1 o'clock, they requested Gandhiji to hurry up. He was soon ready to go with them, but before he surrendered himself into their custody he asked Pandit Khare to recite the famous hymn with which we commenced our march, etc. Gandhiji stood up, his eyes closed and his head bent in mute reverence: while Panditji sang the hymn. The prayer over, all of us one by one bowed down before Gandhiji and bade an affectionate farewell. The police constable took charge of his two small Khadi satchels and a small bundle of his clothes. At ten past one he was safely lodged in the police lorry —and in a few seconds was out of sight. Then it was that the realization dawned upon me how the dacoits had entered our camp at dead of night and robbed us all of our priceless treasure!

Gandhiji is gone—at least for the time being—from our midst; but the imperishable legacy of truth and non-violence that he has left behind will abide with us forever. The fire of an undying patriotism that he has kindled in our hearts will very rapidly grow into a big bright blaze, and every true daughter and every brave son of India will rather perish in that fierce flame than lead the wretched life of slavery. We all are on trial now. Let us pray that we may not be found wanting and that we may amply fulfill the hopes of our beloved leader. —*Anand T. Hingorani.*

II.

At dead of night, like thieves they came, to steal him away. For, "when they sought to lay hold on him, they feared the multitudes, because they took him for a prophet."*

At twelve forty-five at night the District Magistrate of Surat, two Indian police officers, armed with pistols and some thirty policemen armed with rifles silently and suddenly came into the peaceful little compound where Gandhiji and his Satyagrahis were sleeping. §They immediately surrounded the party, and the English officer going up to the bed and turning a torch-light on to Gandhiji's face, said:

"Are you Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi?"

"You want me?" inquired Gandhiji gently, and added, "Please give me time for my ablutions."

He commenced to clean his teeth and the officer, time-piece in hand, stood watching him. Gandhiji here asked if there was a warrant and the Magistrate forthwith read out the following order:

"Whereas the Governor-in-Council views with alarm the activities of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi he directs that the said Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, should be placed under restraint under Regulation xxv of 1827, and suffer imprisonment during the pleasure of the Government; and that he be immediately removed to the Yeravda Central Jail."

*St. Matthew XXI, 46.

§Compare the following: "Are ye come out as against a robber with swords and staves to seize me? I sat daily in the temple teaching, and ye took me not."—St. Matthew XXVI, 55.

The ablutions finished, his few little necessities packed up, and his papers handed over to one of his party, Gandhiji again turned to the officers and said, "Please give me a few minutes more for prayer." This was granted, and he forthwith stood and prayed with his companions, surrounded by the ring of police.

As soon as the prayer was over, they hurried him away, put him into a motor-lorry and drove him off accompanied by the three officers and some eight policemen.

All telephonic and telegraphic communications were cut off, and police guarded the roads.

Swift, silent secrecy.
No trial, no justice.

The Government is making its own statements and the accused lies buried in the silence of the prison cell.

They may take his frail body and cast it into jail. They may stifle his pure voice with the heavy prison walls. But they cannot stifle the Great Soul. Its radiance will penetrate all earthly barriers. The more they strive to smother it, the brighter and brighter will it shine, filling not only India, but the world.

Ah India, India, now is thy hour of greatest trial. May God lead thee on the path to Victory and Peace.

He who loves and knows thee with a love and knowledge surpassing all mortal words, has told thee that Freedom is now within thy reach if thou hast the strength and courage to stick to the Pure Path—the Path which he has shown thee of Truth and Non-violence. May God give thee that strength and fill thee with that courage. —*Mira.*

Heroes of Peace

[Editors Note: This address was delivered at the eighth annual Flower Strewing for Heroes of Social Construction held at Spring Grove Cemetery on Memorial Day. At this service, Dr. George A. Hedger, Professor of History at the University of Cincinnati, presided, Rabbi Louis I. Egelson gave the Invocation, Ranendra K. Das the Ritual, and Father Marcellus Wagner the Benediction. UNITY publishes the address given on this occasion each year in an endeavor to spread the news and the custom of this ceremony.]

Our deeds often belie our philosophies. Time and again men subscribe to points of view which are expressions of pure selfishness, and then burn gallons of gasoline in running around doing something for others. And there are those who reverse the process. But aside from professions and practices which so often fail to agree; indeed, in spite of them, the capacity for heroism, nobility and sacrifice is as widespread as humanity itself. Men and women, yes, boys and girls of the tenderest age, trained and untrained, learned and ignorant, privileged and exploited, at the call of someone's pressing danger or urgent need, have, in a flash, disclosed qualities of soul, steadiness of purpose and forgetfulness of self which enshrine them with the truly great of every age.

Who today expects much of convicts, men who have broken every law under heaven, often dope fiends and usually unintelligent or they would never have been put behind the bars? Yet when the terrible fire was raging in the Ohio State Penitentiary weeks ago, and fear and terror were adding to the demoralization which might have made it possible for many to effect their escape, there were plenty of volunteers to go into the burning cell blocks and risk their lives in trying to release those penned in or overcome by smoke.

Perhaps we have come to expect heroic action from locomotive engineers, so high has been the standard they have set in the 100 years of railroading. But I venture to believe that life was just as precious and home just as sweet to Engineer C. A. Dell of Mansfield, Ohio, as it was to any of the eighty passengers he saved, when last March he stayed in his cab to set the air brakes and prevent his derailed train from piling up. He was killed under his engine, though he might have jumped; but the passengers, thanks to his sacrifice, were hardly shaken.

Hardly a day passes but what somewhere one can read of a telephone girl,—flappers we call them—staying at her switchboard through fire, smoke or flood in order to pass the saving word to someone else, or an elevator boy still continuing to take his car up and down that people might get out of the burning building.

Nor is it only in such sudden emergencies that those secret qualities come to light. The annals of science are ennobled by the story of men like Major Ross and Major Walter Reed who went out to discover the cause and find a cure for yellow fever and became its victims just as they had succeeded. And we might put in an even higher place those enlisted men who offered their bodies and ultimately their lives, for experiments to help those doctors in their search.

So blind are we, so faithless when it comes to ordinary human material that we are surprised and astounded when these unknowns—as we think of them—display their qualities of sacrificial heroism. We should know better. We should have learned by this time that we do not need the holocaust of war to remind us of the latent heroism of humanity. It is there waiting to come out. We might well make it our study to probe into the lives of those of our associates who have not yet been publicly tested, to find those grains of the pure gold of heroism which are doubtless still to be revealed.

We are not much given to abstractions in these days. We fancy that we have not time for such things, and there are probably only a few who would say with Clough,

It fortifies my soul, to know
That though I perish, truth is so.

Frankly we don't know and we don't care whether truth is so or not. But, without resorting to poetry,—and if a choice must be made, it is better to get our poetry in life rather than in words,—it does steady our souls to know that in spite of the obvious failures and faithlessness and futility of human kind, that quality of sacrificial heroism is firmly planted in the men and women of the human race, ever ready to come to the rescue and support of the endangered, the needy and the suffering. To those countless thousands who have proved it by yielding up their lives that others might live, we owe a debt which we are proud to acknowledge. And to that tribute may we add our prayer that should the occasion arise we may be found ready and worthy to take our stand with these heroes of peace.

(BISHOP) PAUL JONES.

Ethical Conflicts

No one who has looked at our past carefully can fail to be impressed with the prevalence of fighting. As we go back in time, the struggle for existence becomes increasingly a physical contest. How desperate this must have been in the jungle is difficult for modern man to realize.

Man's conflict with nature and the wild beasts intensified this sense of contest. Everywhere in nature man beheld this ceaseless struggle for existence and he came to look upon the eternal fight as a natural thing—a matter of course—from which he could not free himself anymore than from eating or breathing.

In the conflict with his fellows, man began slowly to evolve rules for the game. He began to realize that his own interests were conserved if these rules were observed. One of the earliest conventions in this connection was the protection of the mother and the immature child. Here we have the germ of what in time became a workable peace basis of society.

Another very early convention was the peace of hospitality. A guest who placed himself under the protection of his host, had complete safety for a definite time. Out of this grew tribal peace. Such peace pacts gave the tribe time for profitable and pleasurable pursuits and in time, tribal peace led to peace pacts within larger units.

These larger peace units were generally worked out through armed conflict in the earlier times. Men fought for peace within more inclusive boundaries. Our primitive ancestors, then, were not unlike the famous family father who constantly quarreled with his family in order that it might be at perfect peace.

National peace could be maintained only by constant fighting, and the soldier par-excellence was the man of peace. Nor is this strange contradiction absent in our modern wars. The ugliest fighting spirit, the rankest intolerance is not on the fighting line. Intolerance grows in exact proportion as we leave the firing line. During our recent war, one of the first tolerant addresses came from the lips of General Pershing; and our returning soldiers did more to break down the ugly spirit of intolerance toward the enemy than any other single force.

War, moreover, becomes still more inspiring when we come to the conflicts waged on moral principles, on the ground that these principles may be effective in maintaining peace. Endless conflicts have been waged in the defense of woman, in the defense of hospitality, and in a later day in the defense of economic, personal and religious freedom.

Squirm as we may, we cannot deny our fighting past, nor do we, upon closer examination, care to do so. That past has left its traces in our character, has given us something of which we are extremely proud, if we value ourselves at all correctly. When we compare our personality with that of nations that have had a long record of oppression—therefore of peace—we thank whatever gods there are, that our ancestors were fighting men.

Our whole literature throbs with this spirit of conflict. Milton was militant in spirit. Passage after passage in Shakespeare is aglow with the fighting spirit. It is largely this strain that keeps the poetry of Byron alive in our hearts. The somewhat bookish Browning pays homage to it.

> I was ever a fighter
> So one fight more.

Our past for many centuries has not only had this constant struggle for larger and more-inclusive peace, but it has had a more vital conflict, ever-present in every family; the conflict between man and woman. This is by no means a flippant utterance, but one rooted in the very nature of our civilization. A man is essentially a political unit—a member of the fighting clan lined up with the protection of the tribe—a vital factor in this movement for the existence of tribal peace. Woman, on the other hand, is eternally interested in the conservation of her individual family. To her, it is far more important that her husband be saved, that her children be rescued, that her family, in the more immediate sense, be maintained. She is, therefore, constantly in conflict with many phases of the tribal movement, and she defends her position with every fiber of her being. Tragedy after tragedy has taken place in the course of this conflict, and very many traces of it are to be found in our own times. We need only to think of the annual business sessions of our own churches when the husband, in an exuberant spirit, is willing to subscribe more than the family budget will allow. The husband is here very distinctly the representative of tribal peace, while the woman is defending the family unit. Cleverly enough, the church has understood this opposition of woman, and has used its ingenuity in reconciling her, in awakening her enthusiasm, and breaking down her prejudice. As a result, in many cases woman has become the more enthusiastic factor in subscribing to the church funds. I have reverted to this ever-present and very serious conflict because I regard it a very important element in our fighting psychology.

As we examine the life of Europe from which our whole attitude toward life has been derived, we are impressed with two types of social organization. Throughout southern Europe, man lives in social groups. In the North, man remains individualistic. Even in the rural districts of southern Europe, the farms are laid out in such a manner that the cottages are grouped in villages. The farmer may work alone during the day, but his evenings are spent in contact with his fellowmen in the village life. This makes him a social creature, constantly regulating his individual conduct by the conventions that obtain in the social unit. Throughout the North, however, we have the farmer on his individual farm. His house is surrounded by forests and magnificent spaces. Not only his day, but his evening is spent in comparative solitude. He treasures his own individuality, and he is willing to overlook all kinds of hardships in order to defend that individuality against the social unit that would undermine it. Here we have the real roots of what we understand by democracy, the unwillingness of the individual to sacrifice the traits of his individual farm in the interests of a large, powerful centralizing unit that might lead to tribal prosperity at the expense of the things that he does not want to surrender. It is the farmer from the individual homestead who has preserved the town meeting. He has resisted the reign of

priesthood. He has resisted imperialism. It is this spirit that has produced men of the stamp of Luther, and it still breathes in our sturdy western characters.

When the new world was settled, the two types of life so clearly in conflict with each other in Europe, received an entirely new adjustment. There was very little village life of the type prevalent in southern Europe. In Canada, especially in the French portions, this village life did obtain, and it has come down to our own times. Everyone who is at all conversant with Canadian history knows that this French element in Canada clashes fundamentally with the rest of the Canadian realm.

Even in our southern states the southern European village unit failed to develop. The southern plantation was distinctly individualistic, although it did succeed in maintaining on these individual plantations many other traditions of the European South. The large spaces in America, the wonderful opportunity to control vast tracts of profitable soil were favorable, then, to the establishment of the individual farm with its splendid isolation and with its untold opportunities for the spirit of democracy. All of this made it possible for democracy to have a very fundamental rebirth in the United States of America.

The maintaining of individual rights against the encroachments of consolidated society is the fundamental thing in this great question of democracy. The safeguarding of individuality, moreover, is at the bottom of the best that is in literature. Wherever the conditions of life have enabled man to preserve these basic rights, literature has attained a high degree of development.

Greek civilization is very interesting when considered from this point of view. The Greek was a fisherman, a sailor, or shepherd. All of these occupations are extremely solitary. They lead to reflection. The Greek hero, as a result, is always a man of great individual prowess and sturdy independence of character. Hercules, Achilles, Orestes, were all men resting firmly upon themselves and not successful through group activity.

All of this disappeared in the group activity in Rome. A powerful state was developed at the expense of the individual. Tawdry magnificence, therefore, was coupled with spiritual shallowness. Imitation took the place of originality. In Greece, the full development of the individual; in Rome the magnificence of the mob. This does not mean that any individual ever grows up without contacts. No human being can attain character without clashing somewhere. But when the social unit becomes completely dominant, invariably the individual loses color and effectiveness.

The great cathedral region of the world is to be found in the South, not in the North. Here the social unit predominates, for the cathedrals were not built to give expression to the opinions of individuals, but represented vast co-operative efforts. They were constructed to house great numbers assembled; not to develop individual effort, but to listen to the chantings of the priesthood. For that reason, it is extremely difficult to see why Americans in great numbers should view this type of art as uncritically as they do—or are these Americans slipping back to the ideals of a period that produced the cathedrals? Is our American taste, so strongly rooted in democracy, being perverted in the direction of an art that grows out of priestcraft, an art that finds its origin in the regions of Europe—completely dominated by the group consciousness instead of individual freedom The most beautiful manifestation of art in America is to be found in the American home, a glorified development of the individual American farm constructed in accordance with the taste of the individual and still individualized by having beautiful space thrown around it, safeguarding its sanctity.

Next to this there is the skyscraper, where an interesting conflict is going on today. If this skyscraper is to enslave our life, it will finally be rated with the cathedral. If it can be made the home of magnificent co-operative effort, it will become the crowning glory of American architecture. It is for this reason that so much of our imagination is busy with this new art form.

To build a Gothic cathedral, however, in the twentieth century in America, is turning the wheels of America back to the Middle Ages. These cathedrals stress the twilight and the gloom, the mysticism, the various accompaniments of despotism, of the priestcraft of a generation that intelligent creatures have outlived. The cathedrals are beautiful records of a past to which we of the twentieth century have no desire whatsoever to return.

But to return to our conflict. We are extremely proud that our ancestors were fighting men. We are glad that we are not like Hindu prophets who find their highest contentment in a perfect state of peace. Our greatest joy comes with that type of enthusiastic effort that is reminiscent of physical conflict. Civilization in our part of the world is a constant re-asserting of this fighting spirit in other domains of activity. The physical is translated into the spiritual, but as a spiritual factor it is even more effective. Our history is full of striking examples of this. One of the most picturesque is the case of Socrates. Here the spirit of conflict is present to a very marked degree, and it is primarily the conflict of the individual soul against the mob mind. The whole of his life was given over to one of the most persistent conflicts in human history—the breaking down of dogmatism, of cock-sure thinking in the individuals about him. No soldier on the battlefield has ever conducted himself with greater zeal than did Socrates in this conflict. He gave up his profession; he forgot his own responsibilities; he forgot all about any possible personal interest in this eternal conflict. Every day, from morning until night, Socrates went about the streets encountering one man after another, from the lowest to the highest, in a constant attack upon dogmatism and the cock-sure spirit. He refused to take sufficient time to write at all. The actual fight kept him too busy. In the defense of this principle he gave his life with a heroism that has never been excelled. As in the case of Jesus, this conflict was entirely spiritual, and completely devoid of the physical elements but reminiscent of them.

This same magnificent spirit of conflict we detect in Aeschylus. Each of his plays was a stirring conflict with the group opinion of his time. This same spirit is present in Sophocles. There is a touch of gentleness about his methods that makes it a little more difficult to detect the fighting spirit, but it is

present, nevertheless, for conflict may become tense by the very adopting of gentle methods.

Anyone who is inclined to doubt this needs only to be referred to the characteristic fighting spirit in some of the highest examples of the fair sex. In Euripides, the third writer of this great group, we again have conflict of a very high order, a splendid battle for the dignifying of human values. No one ever attended the Greek theater during these glorious days who did not have the consciousness that a great struggle was taking place before him on the stage. After this golden age, when the spirit of conflict had vanished, when Greece built her wonderful marble structures, the grandeur of the theater passed, for the spirit of conflict no longer made it vital. It became a beautiful, empty shell.

There have been many misconceptions in regard to the real cause of the renaissance. It will be remembered that during the centuries preceding it, the group control on the church had become dominant. The rights of the individual had been persistently sacrificed. The renaissance accomplished so much in art, in music, and in literature because throughout Europe the individual waged a desperate conflict with this constant encroaching of the stereotyping group upon the individual. It would be interesting to trace a number of outstanding figures of the renaissance in this connection. Our own Shakespeare might well be interpreted along these lines. An even more inspiring example is that of Moliere, for French society had always been in danger of over-centralization. It is still suffering from that handicap today. Moliere realized this danger, and his whole life was devoted to a protracted conflict with that spirit.

The drama of Moliere is as much of a conflict as the battles of many nations in history, with the vital difference that the causes in which Moliere fought were far more significant than those that have formed the background of physical battles. Is it important or not that men and women should become artificial and stereotyped? Is it important or not whether a man who has turned suddenly wealthy lose all sense of proportion and allow his life to become thoroughly ineffective and a source of danger to his associates? Is it important that our women preserve their femininity? Is it important that society should produce men and women who, in their social contacts, develop life of the highest quality, become real gentlemen, become ladies in the real sense of the word—without snobbishness, without fear of mob consciousness, in the interests of common decency? This wonderful struggle reached its climax in the conflict with church bigotry in connection with the performance of "Tartuffe." Here again Moliere waged a bloodless but no less terrific struggle with prejudice and carried it to its successful issue. In a sense, he too was martyred, for his body was buried without the rites of the church, and he had to wait a hundred years before the French Academy finally admitted his name to the roll of honor. I know of no more conspicuous example of eternal struggle than the life of Moliere, for throughout a long and tempestuous career, every performance enacted was a conflict with the bigotry, snobbishness, bad taste, and the mob spirit. After his departure, the theatre settled back into activities not concerned with struggle, and became a conventional theatre of unproductive thinking.

In our times this tremendous conflict for ideals has again become vital. After centuries of comparative inactivity, the stage has again become a battleground in modern Europe. This has been due largely to the activity of Ibsen who, in a whole series of plays, threw down the gauntlet to the forces that threaten to corrupt and degrade the individual in modern society. In turn, he glorified the individual that in business, in art, in the professional world, in the activity of the home, maintained his self-respect in conflict with the many forces that might undermine it.

After him came the activity of Hauptmann which carried this struggle a step further and made it even more significant, for Hauptmann has clearly shown us that the whole life is a conflict. To quote for a moment, Hauptmann says: "Every decision at which we arrive involves a conflict within us, and is therefore dramatic." But the highest significance of Hauptmann as I see it, is that he centers his attention upon those eternal conflicts that make for better individual living, that stress the spiritual significance of life over against material and the materialistic. Every drama that Hauptmann has produced has been a storm center for this reason, because he has so relentlessly attacked the forces that are undermining the spiritual values. He has shown us, moreover, that the eternal struggle for better things is present everywhere in human relations, from the court to the lowest miner's hut. He has inspired us with the significance of this struggle, and has made it entirely plain that each and every one of us is an important factor in the development of human society.

Only as we can put these psychological traits that are left-overs of a fighting past into the struggle for spiritual values, does our church movement remain vital. Unless we have something for which we can contend, contend with all of the enthusiasm of our fighting natures, there can be no enthusiasm, and there can be no success.

PAUL H. GRUMMANN.
University of Nebraska.

The Pitiful Handful

The beggar begging a hand-out,
The man out of work, the wobbly, the bum,
The blind musician with his fiddle,
The woman with cigarettes and gum;
These are mine.

The armless soldier, the idiot boy,
The singing man with crippled feet,
The man who crawls on leather pads,
The twenty beggars in my street;
These are mine.

These break my heart with their suffering,
The cruelty of life and the pain.
These stir my soul to seek out justice.
These keep my thinking wise and sane.
These are mine.

Lord, I have nothing much to give.
My hand holds nothing of this gold city.
I have nothing to give you, my lord,
But in my hands, all of my pity!
These are mine.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

The Study Table

New Books

An extraordinary book, extraordinary alike in interest and importance, is Anita Brenner's "Idols behind Altars."[1] Miss Brenner was born and reared in Mexico. She has always been in close, but sympathetic, contact with the people, the conditions, and the problems of Mexico. "Idols behind Altars" is a book on Mexican Art from pre-Conquest times to the present, but the discussion of its art has given occasion for consideration of the national psychology, the national ideals, the national outlook. The Mexican Indian is what counts in Mexico; to him the future looks. He is an artist. He delights in form, in color, in the expression of his feelings and his fancies. He is passionately attached to land, rooted in the very soil from which he wrings subsistence. He has been overridden and suppressed through four centuries. He has been subjected and driven to introspection. His gods have apparently been replaced by a stranger, white-man's deity, surrounded by a court of saints. After all, and through all, the old Indian blood remains; the old psychology persists; character has been warped and twisted, but its elements have been preserved. Behind the Christian altar he still stands a pagan idol; under the veneer from Europe, there lies the Indian disposition; stronger than the conventions of Spain are the art ideals of America. The soul of all, the impelling power, is the passionate love of land, the longing for a life of free toil for one's self and family. Miss Brenner's book is not propaganda for revolution; it is justification of the Revolution. The style is gripping, but it demands a reader with understanding. The book is in three parts. In the first our author treats of the olden time, the days of Aztec glory, the art of the Indian in its purity and as worked out under Spanish direction in colonial times. Part two traces the national psychology as exemplified in art, in religion and in life. In part three the marvelous flowering of Mexican art in the present is exhibited. All the world today knows of Diego Rivera and most of the world is ready to admit his claim to be a great artist. Through Gruening's book one learns that he does not stand alone, but that there are other artists and that the flowering shows itself in letters and music and movement as well as in picture and figure. But it is only here in Miss Brenner that one gets the whole story—David Alfaro Sigueiros, Jose Clemente Orozco, Francisco Goitia, Jean Charlot (not born in Mexico, but Mexican complete in soul, and part in blood), Maximo Pacheco and the rest. It is here that we have the entire range from *corrido* to mural-painting. It is here that one is most made to realize that with the Revolution has come a Renaissance of power and promise.

The author of "John Henry"[2] is already well known for his study of Negro folk-songs. In the present book he endeavors to track down a negro song or ballad, which deals with a black hero, a steel driver who "beat the steam drill." Mr. Johnson says:

> John Henry is, I suppose, the Negro's greatest folk character. His fame is sung in every nook and corner of the United States where Negroes live, sung oftenest by wanderers and laborers who could tell three times as much about John Henry as they could about Booker T. Washington.

Our author attempts to find out where and when the story and song originated; whether there was an actual John Henry who "beat the steam drill"; whether he was the same as John Hardy, or different—for there is a John Hardy story and ballad suspiciously like John Henry's. He has found versions from many places, varying considerably in their elements. Not only has John Henry been told and sung, he has been printed in broadsheets and recorded by the phonograph. Besides the ballad, there are hammer songs in variety as is natural enough with a hero who was a steel driver. Mr. Johnson at present inclines "to believe that (1) there was a Negro steel driver named John Henry at Big Bend Tunnel, that (2) he competed with a steam drill in a test of the practicability of the device, and that (3) he probably died soon after the contest, perhaps from fever." As regards the John Hardy confusion, he believes that there were two men, that John Henry was the earlier and that his legend and ballad were the pattern for those of John Hardy. The one known printed version of the John Henry ballad, by W. T. Blankenship, of uncertain date, but probably about thirty years ago, is *not* the original form. It is not impossible that a printed version may have tended largely to fix the ballad, but no such version is yet known. Toward the end of his discussion, which is a detailed account of tracking down material, and making comparisons of results, Johnson says:

> His lineage unknown, his reality disputed, his grave unmarked, John Henry's spirit goes marching on. His name is sung from a thousand dusky lips every day. That is not such a bad monument for a Negro steel driver.

> John Henry told his captain
> A man ain't nothing but a man.
> Before I'd be beat by your big steam drill
> I'll die with this hammer in my hand,
> I'll die with this hammer in my hand.

Taking all the versions together, the ballad has many stanzas and introduces many elements, some of which are wide of the mark. One of the most constant elements is given in the stanza quoted above.

Last year we noticed Tippett's "Singing Farmer," a first reader for children. The same author has now produced another book of the same character but somewhat more advanced, under title of "Busy Carpenters." This reader aims at two results:—to acquaint the child with his surroundings and the daily life in which he lives, and to give him a good vocabulary of words well understood. The earlier book dealt with rural, this one with urban surroundings. The preparation of it has been conscientious and with a good teacher "Busy Carpenters"[3] should give the pupil a wider and easier use of words than the old readers did. The attractiveness of the book is enhanced by the colored pictures drawn by Elizabeth Tyler Wolcott. Since the publication of the "Singing Farmer," Professor Tippett has left the Lincoln School and is now connected with the University of Pittsburgh.

Achievement Tests are being developed to fit almost every subject. They are objective tests and use the *true-false,* the *matching* and the *multiple-choice* tech-

1. **Idols behind Altars**—Anita Brenner. New York: 1929. Payson and Clarke, Ltd. 8 vo. pp. 359. Price $5.00.

2. **John Henry: Tracking down a Negro Legend.** Guy B. Johnson. Chapel Hill: 1929. The University of North Carolina Press. 16 mo., pp. ix, 155. Price $2.00.

3. **Busy Carpenters.** James S. Tippett. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1929. World Book Co. 16 mo. pp. 88. Price $0.68.

niques.[4] Their preparation is more and more in the hands of experts and experienced teachers. Their purpose is to show how evenly and adequately instruction has been carried out and they form an adequate basis for advancement, or graduation, in their subjects. The *Blaisdell Instructional Tests in Biology* have a somewhat special aim. A series of twenty-five of them, bound together, test knowledge upon as many separate topics. They are intended to be given at various times during the year and specifically form a basis for instructional procedure.

FREDERICK STARR.

The Radio Prophet

This book* is not important—it is only a sketch! Yet Dr. Cadman is so deservedly a popular figure, his influence is so far-flung and his personality so well known, that we feel it our duty as well as pleasure to record in these pages that this little book has appeared.

Dr. Cadman's story is romantic—it has its inevitable reminders of the story of Robert Collyer! Born in Shropshire, England, the son of a coal-miner and Methodist lay-preacher, young Samuel went into the mines as a pony boy when he was something less than twelve years of age. Admiration for his father, an inexhaustible love of books and reading, a fervent religious spirit, turned him to the work of preaching. Duly converted in a typical evangelistic revival service and henceforth devoted to his mission, Cadman won his education by the hardest kind of work as well as by the sheer native ability of mind and heart, and in the late 'eighties of the last century was duly ordained, and also married.

It was in October, 1890, that Cadman landed in New York, having determined to begin his career in America. His quick success kept him here. A few years in a little country church in Millbrook, New York, a few more years at the Metropolitan Temple in New York, and then he was called to the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, where he is this year rounding out a ministry of three decades. It is interesting to note that when he was first invited to broadcast his sermons from his pulpit he refused, and that it was only the accident of his afternoon services at the Bedford Street Y. M. C. A. which opened up the way to his present unparalleled ministry "on the air."

As a biography this little book, while delightful reading, is unsatisfactory. It is terribly thin in places. But it has great merit in its intimate and accurate portrayal of Dr. Cadman's amazing personality. The "feel" of the man is here—his stupendous energy, his exhaustless vitality, his miraculous memory, his love of books, and men, his noble character, his utter devotion to his high calling. More than any other man whom I have ever heard speak on the radio, Dr. Cadman "gets over" his personality to his hearers. The secret is in the man, and the man is in this book.

J. H. H.

4. **Orleans Plane Geometry Achievement Test. Junior American History Achievements Test. Blaisdell Instructional Tests in Biology.** Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1929. World Book Co.

*"S. Parkes Cadman: Pioneer Radio Minister," by Fred Hamlin. With an introduction by Bishop Francis J. McConnell. Published by Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

Correspondence

Direct News From India

[Paragraphs from a private letter to Mr. Holmes]

Dear Mr. Holmes:

. . . Volunteers (passive resisters) who are breaking the Salt act are beaten by the police. Even in jail fictitious riots have been created and persons like Subas Bose and Sen Gupta are beaten by their comrades in jail. Subas was unconscious for three hours. In Bombay, volunteers are mercilessly beaten till they bleed profusely.

This is MacDonald's regime which you are praising so much in your columns! The one crime of intelligent India is that we want independent control, and MacDonald and the hypocritical Labor Party in England want to rule India with bayonets and bullets and lathis (thick iron-ringed sticks of solid bamboo), and are pouring out the blood of non-violent resisters.

D.

[**Editorial Note:** This letter presents clear evidence that conditions in India are much more terrible than the rigorously censored newspaper dispatches permit us to know. We agree with our correspondent in his reference to MacDonald and the Labor Party. We are bitterly disappointed in the Indian policy of the present British government, and count this one of the most disillusioning and tragic events in our experience. We cannot see how MacDonald's policy differs one iota from what would have been the policy of the Tories if they were in office today.—J. H. H.]

The Battle for Freedom

Editor of UNITY:

I read with much interest Walter Walsh's article on "The Brave Turmoil." He says: "The battle of freedom is not yet won," and I may add that it will not be won until the people learn to establish *equal freedom* among the sane adults of the world; for just as long as freedom among adults is *un*equal (as it is in varying degrees and forms today), there will be some ruling others, hence a reason for some to feel a need of struggling to get out from under those who rule them. And to secure equal freedom it is necessary for the people to learn that where a price is put on what is *not* human work some persons *must* be slaves, economic ones, to other persons, for it is only by working for a person who works not equally long in return that one can really pay a price for what is *not* human work. And there will be a price on what is *not* human work just as long as prices are *not* fixed on the hour-for-hour of adult human work basis.

The more the idea of equal freedom is spread the less there will be of the idea of "superior races," or other groups, for that matter. For the doctrine of equal freedom is based on the idea that each fairly normal adult is potentially capable of governing veyself (himself or herself). And when the people believe that idea they will have to give up the one that some adults must forever be ruled by other adults.

The customs that put a price on what is *not* human work are what uphold the exclusion of people from the land, for where what is not human work has a price, excluding people of natural resources assists one in collecting that prize. Fixing all prices on the work for work basis would free land from price, thus throwing it open to the use of any who wished to utilize it directly; and it would cause only the human-work part of products to bear a price.

A knowledge of the annular (ring) evolution of the earth gives one a key to why each people thought itself the chosen folk. For each people identified itself with the light features which entered the upper part of the polar opening in canopy times—and such features were thought of as the chosen beings, higher than the features which fell lower and appeared darker. And so strongly was that concept fixed in human minds by the long period of canopy times since human culture began, that the clearing of the sky—thus revealing the supreme deity to all the world—did not dispel the belief in the superiority of some over others. And habits had been already formed which made some humans the rulers of others, and as such rulership seemed beneficial to the rulers it was naturally maintained; as neither ruled nor rulers visioned the idea of true equality

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

College Drinking Much Reduced

The following dispatch was published in the New York *Times* on June 3rd last:

A majority of college heads who answered a questionnaire sent out by the Womans' Christian Temperance Union have declared there is less drinking than ever among their students, according to a statement given out today at the Union's headquarters in Evanston.

Inspired by what it saw as "widespread wet propaganda that the college is unsafe, the organization solicited opinions of educators on the liquor situation on their campuses. The replies of 257 presidents in forty-five states were gathered and presented in a report by the Union. This was the result as tabulated:

Less drinking than before prohibition, 146.

No drinking among students, 44.

Drinking now and always unknown, or almost unknown, among students, 47.

About the same amount of drinking now as before Eighteenth Amendment, 8.

Conditions bad, 7.

Conditions worse, 3.

Summing up the results officials of the organization observed:

"The president's views coincide with the statements by the two famous football coaches, Alonzo A. Stagg of Chicago University and Z. (Hurry Up) Yost, Michigan University, who told the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives that student drinking was vastly less since prohibition, and are in disagreement with the idea expressed by Coach W. W. Roper of Princeton, who said drinking conditions are so bad he hesitated to send his children to college."

Hibben Blames Older Generation

Drinking students, the survey indicated, are likely to come from families or communities where drinking by the older generation is common, and it found that student bodies where drinking is the rule "represent sons of that small but vocal class who are defying the prohibition laws, making liquor a fetish in a dry era, putting appetite and making much about 'personal liberty' above the common welfare and working to defeat the President's law enforcement program and to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment."

President Hibben of Princeton in his reply to the W. C. T. U. wrote:

"The college communities are not wholly to be blamed (for student drinking), for young men and women today in college circles are reflecting merely what is going on in their homes and in their social environment. Youth has a very deep-seated imitative propensity, and they are following the example of their elders."

"The president of Yale directed his secretary to write us a letter referring us for information to Coach Stagg of Chicago and Coach Yost of Michigan," said the report. "If Yale accepts the views of these well-known experts in youth, then we can add one more institution to the list of those who believe student drinking vastly on the decline.

"William J. Boone, president of the College of Idaho, who says drinking rarely occurs among his students, wrote:

"'To us simple-minded Westerners the position of President Nicholas Murray Butler, Dwight Morrow, Emily Post and Coach Roper, is an enigma. Can it be possible that prohibition does not prohibit? If it does not why the fuss on the part of those opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment?'"

Following are some of the responses from some of the institutions:

Charles J. Dreme, Dean, Fordham University—"Sobriety is most certainly the rule here. . . . I believe college sobriety is the rule in a great many institutions."

Wellesley College—"We have never been conscious that our students drink here. . . . I think the leaders among the student body are opposed to it."

David Kinley, president, University of Illinois—"In my opinion, drinking among college and university students is less than it used to be and the moral and scholastic level of these students today is, on the whole, higher than that of the students of a generation ago."

E. D. Warfield, president of Wilson College—"I regretted Mr. Roper's testimony because I am a Princeton graduate and an old athlete. My impression of conditions at Princeton is that there is much less drinking there than there was twenty years ago. The president was my classmate and continues one of my most intimate friends, and we owe it to him that commencement drinking has been reduced almost to the vanishing point."

S. A. Burruss, president, Virginia Polytechnic Institute—"There is nothing like half as much drinking done by the students of this college as in former years."

Arthur W. Tarvell, Dean of Men, Carnegie Institute of Technology—"Less than 5 per cent of the students have any interest in liquor."

Daniel L. Marsh, president Boston University—"Conditions are so much better than they were twenty years ago that any attempted comparison becomes a contrast. All one needs in order to become enthusiastic for prohibition is to have a memory of what conditions were in the old days and contrast those conditions with today. We have 15,000 students enrolled here, and I hardly think of any greater disservice to the rising generation than to scrap prohibition."

Mervin G. Filler, president, Dickinson College—"I am in the heartiest sympathy with the desire and purpose to show the absolute falsity of the claim made by the liquor people concerning drinking in American colleges. . . . After the Volstead act went into effect Dickinson College announced that any use of liquor would be considered a serious offense."

Clarence A. Barbour, president Brown University—"I am not prepared to admit or believe that there is more drunkenness on the average American college campus than there was prior to national prohibition. I

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of freedom; and under a clear sky crude productive methods often made getting a living difficult anyway.

VAUGHN BACHMAN BROKAW.

Phoenix, Arizona.

Quo Vadis?

To the Editor: Many religious people will read with some amazement the statement in the Unitarian denominational paper that at a large meeting of Unitarian ministers in Boston in Anniversary Week it was voted that in future editions of the Unitarian hymnbook there should be a larger proportion of hymns not expressing or implying belief in God. The argument was that many "humanist" hymns can be honestly used by "theistic" persons, while hymns informed by the thought of God cannot be used by persons who do not cherish or sanction that thought. The vote on the question was 170 in favor and 11 against, with 50 not voting. It would be interesting to know what the 50 thought about it. It is not for a moment to be supposed that the 170 who voted for more non-theistic hymns incline in any large proportion to disbelief in God or agnosticism on the subject; but the whole demand and its success is a new and rather startling revelation of the inroad which the rejection of belief in God and immortality as religious motives has made in the Unitarian body.

This had yet bolder expression in the Anniversary Week meetings. One prominent minister sharply challenged the idea of God held by Channing, Emerson and Theodore Parker, heretofore held even by "advanced" Unitarians. He rejected indeed the whole Christian conception of God which symbolizes Him by such expressions as "a loving Heavenly Father." This is "out of harmony" with contemporary beliefs in science, ethics and art. "We must have something austerer; indeed we must give up the idea of a personal God altogether and think of the ultimate source and control of things as an impersonal power. Better than the Christian view is the Chinese view, 'from which we can learn much' to which or something like it, it will 'do us an immense amount of good to climb,' and the attainment of which will give us 'an emotional maturity.'" Belief in immortality, one minister is quoted as saying, is "a relic of the childish days of early humanity." That is in line with the Chinese sage.

It has been said in a criticism of the so-called humanist movement that it was a going back from Christ to Confucius. Here is a spokesman of the movement practically and frankly proclaiming that reaction a virtue, promising a better intellectual and emotional life. It is a good thing to get things into the open. To some it would seem that it was time for a great religious body to ask where it is going.

M.

Boston, Massachusetts.

heartily wish that conditions were better, but I am glad they are as good as they are in view of the persistent propaganda being waged to break down the hoped for and desired observance of the law."

W. W. Comfort, president, Haverford College—"The sentiment of the entire academic community is against the use of liquor. . . . We are nearly exempt from the evils of liquor."

Arthur Stanley Pease, president, Amherst College—"There is perhaps more talk about drinking in college now than twenty-five years ago. . . . The frequency and degree of drunkenness has been greatly reduced. Certainly the scholastic level has been much raised since the years just following the war, or even since thirty years ago, and such an increase seems inconsistent with drunkenness and disorder."

Paul D. Moody, president, Middlebury College—"I have never known the time when there seemed to be less drunkenness or when the moral tone was more satisfactory in the colleges as I know them than today."

Emory W. Hunt, president, Bucknell University—"There is much less drinking among college students than there was ten years ago and the sentiment against it is decidedly stronger."

George B. Cutten, president, Colgate University—"Our student body has more than doubled and there is less drinking actually and, of course, proportionately than prior to prohibition."

Wallace W. Atwood, Clark University—"In the ten years I do not believe we have had as many as ten cases of drunkenness come to my attention. There is distinctly an atmosphere of sobriety on the college campus.'

Harry A. Garfield, president, Williams College—"The young men of today, on the whole, are a cleaner, better lot than they were twenty years ago or when I was an undergraduate."

John A. Cousens, president, Tufts College—"Conditions with regard to drinking and drunkenness are steadily improving and are far better than they were in the previous generation."

W. M. Lewis, president, Lafayette College—"There is less evidence of drinking than formerly."

W. P. Shortridge, dean, West Virginia University—"There is much less drinking among the students than was true in the days before the prohibition amendment was adopted."

J. M. Thomas, president, Rutgers University—"Personally I believe in the retention of the Eighteenth Amendment and have seen nothing as a college administrator to incline me to the opposite view."

Edward Y. Blewett, executive secretary, University of New Hampshire —"President Lewis states that he would be proud to have the University of New Hampshire pointed out as an institution where student sobriety, rather than drunkenness, is the rule. He feels also that this condition prevails in most of the colleges of the land."

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During the past 12 months 26 labor papers have been added to the service.

During the past 12 months 36 new correspondents, unpaid volunteer workers but nevertheless experienced news writers, have been added in 28 cities. Art Shields, Esther Lowell, Robert W. Dunn, Scott Nearing, Horace B. Davis, Solon deLeon, Ed Falkowski, Robert L. Cruden remain star correspondents.

The circulation of your news magazine of the labor movement, *Labor's News*, has quadrupled since its expansion from the *Labor Letter* in March, 1929. Within the next year it is hoped to make *Labor's News* entirely self-sustaining.

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The job of building the labor press to replace the commercialized press pays no profit. Private privilege gives no money in advertising or "good will" to an enterprise which seeks to destroy it. It is up to socially-minded people throughout America to help support this all-important, essential task.

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